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DESTRUCTION OF THE "GOLIATH."

For many years a huge three-decker 84 gun man-of-war was moored off Grays, nearly opposite Gravesend on the Thames. It is probable that in its time it had been engaged in many a conflict; but its duty for some years had been a more peaceful and pleasing one. Some good friends of the pauper boys of London had picked them up from the gutters, police stations, and other haunts of misery and vice, taken them to this giant vessel, and they were being trained to become England's future seamen. From ragged, gaunt, and wretched street arabs they had been transformed into strong, healthy, hearty and well-disciplined boys, under charge of Captain Bouchier, of the Royal Navy, assisted by a staff of school teachers and officers.

A few weeks ago, while one of the boys was in the oil-room, he let fall a petroleum lamp; it rolled along the floor, and the oil was spilt. The fire caught and spread, and in a few minutes the flames had enveloped the vessel, driving the youthful defenders from every vantage ground whereon they attempted to make a stand against it. When the boys were beaten at every point the command was given for each one to save himself as the boats could not be launched, their suspending ropes being burnt through. Down the sides the many boys scrambled, others jumped directly into the water; some swam to shore, others to the "Goliath's" boats, which had dropped into the river, many to a large tank barge near by. Not a few heroic acts were done. The ship's champion swimmer, Marling, saved the lives of several of his companions; one little fellow threw his arms around the captain's neck and asked to be allowed to die with him. A juvenile lieutenant named Boulton was given charge of the tank barge, and held it by a boat-hook close to the vessel while many of those in the water scrambled into it. Some of the smaller boys, and perhaps larger ones too, tried to paddle away from the burning vessel to the shore, but the noble fellow said that he was in charge and that the tank must be held where it then was till no longer needed. He was, it is said, the means of saving the lives of nearly 300 of his companions. Six in all were drowned, a schoolmaster named Wheeler and five of the boys. We cannot but allude to the brave action of the Captain's wife and daughters. Mrs. Bouchier jumped into the water a distance of twenty-two feet, and was picked up insensible; her daughters climbed out of their cabin windows and down the ship's chains, the younger one swam to a boat and gave some assistance to the officers, and the other to the shore. The "Goliath" was burnt down to the water's edge, but the Lords of the Admiralty offered another vessel to take its place; a number of gentlemen set on foot a subscription list to make good the officers' losses, and perhaps before this reaches our readers, the boys may be again performing their duties and learning their lessons on a vessel as good as the "Goliath."

The illustrations on the first and fifth pages represent two scenes in the boys' lives. In the first, they are picking the pocket of a stout rich old gentleman who represents John Bull, while he is at the same time giving them good advice; in the second the noble little fellow Boulton is holding the tank to the side of the burning vessel with his boat-hook, while the



LONDON WAIFS.

flames threaten every moment to envelop him. The change in position and character is a great one. It is in the power of our boys and girls every day to do actions as noble as that of Boulton's. Perhaps no one will ever know of them but themselves and God. Every evil desire resisted is a noble deed,—for want of the resisting, hundreds of lives have been lost; every temptation resisted is a noble deed,—for want of such resistance thousands of souls have been lost; every kind act done, or kind word spoken in its proper place and time, is a noble deed,—by them thousands have escaped temptation, and thousands have been directed to Heaven. Boys and girls, be noble in this sense,—every one of you can, and opportunities are everywhere. The following account from Punch might do for recitation at some common school or other entertainment:

A dirty, foggy morning 'twas
Grays loomed large, close a-lee;
The watch was holy-stoning decks
As white as decks could be;
There were five hundred workhouse lads
A training for the sea.

"Goliath" was a giant-hulk
Built in the days of yore;
And more than one small David
Upon her books she bore.
No iron in her; knees of oak,
And oak-heart at the core.

The bell had just struck half-past eight,
As broke the winter's day—
On the main-deck 'twas dousing glime
And stowing them away.
Oh that new-fangled paraffine!—
Whale-oil's the stuff, I say!

Young Loeber had the lamps in charge—
A steady boy, I'm told—
Once on 'em burnt his fingers, till
He couldn't keep his hold.
Down fell the lamp; along the decks
The blazing oil it rolled.

"Fire!" "Beat 'to quarters!" "Man the pumps!"
I could cry like a fool
To read how them lads mustered all,
As if for morning school.
In their sky-larking at Christmas
They wasn't half as cool.

I've heard of Balacava—
But those were bearded men,
And these were little fellows,
Most part 'twixt twelve and ten.
Some calls 'em gutter-children—
God bless our gutters, then!

The Capt'n he was at his post,
A smile upon his face;
And not one officer or lad
But knew and kept his place,
Though soon 'twas plain as plain could be,
The fire must win the race.

Most of the little chaps could swim;
But, swim or not, they made

And kept their lines as regular
As soldiers on parade.
Bouchier had wife and girls aboard—
But by them lads he stayed.

Till when the pumps no longer sucked,
Boat-tackles scorched, in-board!
Ship lost! No lowering the boats!
The Captain gave the word,
"Leap from the ports: swim, them that can!
The rest, trust in the Lord!"

One little chap hung round his neck
A blub'ring, "Burnt you'll be.
Jump over first—and then we'll jump"
"No, no, my boy," says he.
"The skipper's last to leave the ship—
That is our way at sea."

So young and old their duty did,
Like sailors, and like men:
There was Hall, and there was Norris,
And Gunton, Tye, and Fenn—
Who swore he'd save the women,
And did it, there and then.

The Captain's wife jumped thirty feet—
Needs must when Vulcan drives—
Hand over hand—in sailor style—
His daughters saved their lives;—
Brave girls you see, and well brought up,
The stuff for sailors' wives!

On the tank-barge some twenty boys
The flames flared out, the pitched topsides
Yawned like a fiery grave;
And some set up the cry, "Shove off!"—
Lads will like lads behave.

But Billy Bolton's boyish voice
Was heard—"I'm mate in charge:
There's room enough for plenty more;
Hold on there with the barge."
That Billy Bolton may run small,
The heart in him looms large.

But I can't tell you half the tale—
How, when they got ashore,
The kind, good women kissed and hugged,
And stript the clothes they wore,
To wrap the boys, as mothers will—
Or what is mothers for?

There was a little soldier lad
His shipmates come to see,
He's gone, and some half-dozen more,
And Master Wheeler, he
Is with them little lads in Heaven—
All rated there A. B.

ILLUSTRATION IN PRIMARY-CLASS TEACHING.
—If you should ask me, "What are the best helps to gain attention?" I would reply, the use of apt illustrations. One hot summer day I was trying to give my class an idea of an ancient sandal; but the children were far more interested in making mischief than they were in the lesson. I stooped down quickly and taking off the shoe of a little girl who sat near, held it up, saying: "Here is Annie's shoe. If it had no buttons on it, and was nothing but a sole with strings to tie around her feet to keep it on, it would be much like the shoes people used to wear when Jesus was on earth. They called their funny shoes sandals." Every eye was fastened upon the shoe, and all the scholars were interested and instructed. —
S. S. Times.

A missionary in the Micronesian Islands, Rev. Mr. Sturgis, has been much annoyed and found his work much obstructed by tobacco-smoke. Among the natives, father, mother, children, all smoke. He has hit upon a plan which proves to be a good corrective. "When it comes to the communion," he "invites the tobacco-users to sit in a group by themselves." Such moral suasion we are assured, "quickly brought some of the 'chiefs' to an abandonment of the filthy and baneful habit." If this plan of grouping the tobacco-users together by themselves works well for the reformation of converted heathen from an evil habit, why not try it among tobacco-using Christians here? We commend the subject to the thoughtful consideration of pastors and church committees.

Base Brown



Temperance Department.

THE A B C OF THE OPIUM TRADE.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MR. ANDREW ALWORTHY, OF ALBANY, NEW YORK; CAPTAIN BENJAMIN BROADFOT, OF BRISTOL, ENGLAND; AND MR. CHONG CHING CHEW, OF CANTON, CHINA.

(From the Family Friend, English.)

When Mr. Alworthy emerged from the saloon, and mounted the stairs leading from the main deck, he found the poop of the P. & O. Co's splendid steamer "Manchuria" deserted, except by the man at the wheel and a quartermaster. Amidships, the officer of the watch languidly paced the bridge from end to end. Forward, a sailor sat astride of the jib-boom on the look-out. The sailors of the watch crouched under the shadow of the boats. Now and then the black bust of a Sidhi-boy, or the head of an English engineer swarthy with coal-dust, peered out of the stoke-hole for a breath of the hot air, only less heated than the fierce atmosphere of the engine-room. It was two o'clock on an August afternoon in the Straits of Malacca, and at that hour in that situation it was certainly much more comfortable to be sitting in the saloon, where the rest of the passengers sat at long tables, under the breeze of the punkahs, which little Hindoo boys, with gay turbans on their heads, kept continually in motion. But the score or so of gentlemen and the three ladies who were his fellow-passengers, were all engaged in playing whist, save two who were deeply interested in a chess combat. Now Andrew Alworthy did not understand chess, and cards he hated with a hatred worthy of his Puritan ancestry. It was not that he objected to innocent amusement. No one was a greater favorite with the young folk than he. But he detested gambling; and could not comprehend how persons who supposed themselves to be honest and honorable people could find the dice or superior skill at cards. However small the stakes, to want to win another's money by gambling seemed to him a plain transgression of the tenth commandment. Besides, he felt aggrieved that this unworthy occupation had brought to an end an interesting conversation in which he had been engaged, with an old coffee planter from Ceylon and a Chinese merchant. So he left the uncongenial society below, for the quiet solitude of the upper deck. The sea was perfectly calm; utter stillness reigned around, broken only by the dull "thud, thud" of the screw. The quiet, the heat, and the process of digesting tiffin gradually weighed down his eyelids as he leaned back in his cane chair, and his head was just beginning to sink on his breast, when a passing footstep roused him. He looked up, and the back of a portly well-dressed Chinese, leaning over the bulwark, and gazing seaward, presented itself to his vision. The sight of a Chinese was still a novelty to the American traveller; so he gazed with much interest at the bare head, the shaven skull, the patch of black hair on the cerebellum, from which depended the long plaited queue lengthened by silk braid to reach the tops of the satin shoes, and bisecting the plain white robe of silken gauze, which was of so fine a texture that the embroidered garters could be plainly discerned through it. Presently the Chinese turned round, and surveyed Mr. Alworthy as steadily as he could without seeming impertinent, for to Mr. Chong Ching Chew, erst of Taileung, in the province of Canton, now one of the most flourishing merchants in Singapore, it was a marvel that a white man should prefer to sit on the hot deck in the daytime. Mr. Alworthy did not leave him long to wonder in silence. Mr. A. had left his snug fireside at Albany to see the world, but not only to see the world; also to hear what the world had to say for itself, and, still more, to cross-examine the world, and extract the world's honest confession of its real condition. Here was an opportunity not to be neglected. The Chinese empire comprehended within itself one-third of the world; and there were certain matters affecting China in which he had the deepest interest. He rose up and with a courteous wave of the hand invited the new-comer to take the nearest chair. Chong, not having been accustomed to receive much politeness from Europeans, this unexpected courtesy from a stranger struck him as an agreeable novelty. Lightly folding his hands one within the other, he returned the American's salute by shaking them gently to the accompaniment of a profound bow. Then they simultaneously seated themselves side by side.

"You speak English?" said Mr. Alworthy. "A little," replied Chong. "I have tried it for twenty years. I learnt it when a boy in the Missionary College at Hong Kong." "Ah! then you are a Christian?" "No," said Chong. "I have a great respect for the religion of Jesus; but I am not a Christian. I was to have been baptized while I was in the college, only my parents and friends opposed it; and persuaded me to go to Singapore, to see the world and earn some dollars. I have seen the world and I have earned my pile of dollars, and there is no fear of my turning Christian now."

Mr. Alworthy was taken aback. Himself a fervent believer in the Gospel, and a devoted advocate of missions, he had inspected the mission chapel at Singapore, had listened to the singing of the children in the mission school, had watched the printing press at work producing Testaments and tracts, and all amid a glow of enthusiastic hope; but this was the first time he had been in conversation with a Chinese who could speak English. And now that he had met with one, how sad the disappointment; once a mission-scholar, once an almost Christian; now hardened and defiant! It took him a minute or two to get over the rebuff. Then he resumed in a sadder tone:

"You say that you have a great respect for Christianity, and yet there is no fear of your becoming a Christian. I don't quite understand you."

Chong perceived that he had vexed his questioner; and hastened to apologize by many compliments to the "noble and excellent religion of the Europeans;" the "admirable precepts of Jesus;" and so on; and to exonerate himself by the plea of the pressing cares of a large business, and want of leisure to attend to such things. But Mr. Alworthy, though surprised at the fluency of his new acquaintance and pleased at his encomium of Christianity, was too keen an observer of human nature not to perceive that the man was now only speaking from his throat outward. So he began to turn his flank in this way:—

"Confucius, I have heard say, has also left many admirable precepts of human morality."

"Confucius," said the other abruptly, as though about to pick up the glove Mr. A. had thrown down. But he checked himself, and went on in a milder tone: "Yes, China has Confucius, and the western nations have Jesus and Jesus and Mahomet. All religions are excellent. They all have one object—to promote virtue."

"True," said his assailant. "But they have not all the same power of changing the heart, and saving from sin."

"I do not think any of them has that," replied Chong. "It seems to me that all nations are pretty much alike. There are good and bad amongst all. I don't see any who carry out sincerely the teachings of the religions they profess."

"What have you to say against Christians?" asked Mr. Alworthy.

"The people down below are Christians," said Chong, tapping the deck with his foot as he spoke; "yet they are all gambling, and just now they wouldn't give me a seat. I saw a lady purposely spread out her skirts to cover the vacant end of a bench I was approaching, while she smiled furtively at her opposite neighbor. I remember reading in the Bible that Jesus said, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

Mr. Alworthy recalled the feeling of aversion with which he had himself fled from the sight of the absorbed card-players, and felt embarrassed. He returned to the charge however:—

"These are only nominal Christians. In America, in the church I belong to, we would not own a man who played cards as a Christian brother; and as for this incivility toward you, I can only say that I regard it as most unchristian. But surely you know some real Christians on shore now; the missionaries for instance."

"Yes," replied Chong, "the missionaries are good men, but then they are paid for it. The merchants of Singapore, too, are most of them respectable men. They try to make money as fast as they can, and to keep within the law just as I do."

"I wish," sighed Mr. A., "I had you as my guest for a month at Albany. I could introduce you to some Christians there. I could take you to see our places of worship, our schools, our hospitals, our benevolent institutions for the poor, the aged, the widows and orphans. I could show you thousands of happy homes, where cleanliness, industry, virtue, and affection testify to the reality of the religion they profess. You should stand by the bedside of the dying, who are passing away, some in peace, others with triumph on their tongues. After you had seen all this, I am sure you would acknowledge there is a power in Christianity you never imagined before. But at least you will admit that Christian nations, as nations, are better than heathen nations?"

"They are better off," answered Chong,

with a smile. "They are richer, cleverer, and stronger, I grant. But if you mean they carry out the precepts of Jesus, I cannot allow that. What did you come and make war upon my country for?"

"My nation never made war upon yours," Mr. Alworthy replied with warmth. "I am a citizen of the United States. The American Government has always pursued a pacific policy in Asia."

"I beg your pardon," returned Chong. "We Chinese generally look upon all white-faced people as one nation. But the English are Christians too, I suppose. Why did they destroy our ships, bombard our towns, slaughter our soldiers, even shoot down old men, women, and children in the streets? My uncle's shop just inside the East gate of Canton was pulled down, with the whole street in which he lived, just to make a military road; and the poor man was ruined by it. Was that worthy of Him who said, 'Love your enemies?'"

"It is very sad—very sad indeed; but all that is past now. We have treaties now, and have entered upon a new era, I hope. You should let bygones be bygones."

"I don't know what you mean by bygones," said Chong; "but you know the cause of the last great war between England and China, I suppose."

"Yes," said Mr. Alworthy, with reluctant hesitation. "Yes—I know—it was opium."

"And do you call opium a bygone? Why it is going now in larger quantities than ever. We ourselves are taking it with us at this very moment. Do you know how many chests of opium there are under our very feet?"

"No," replied the perfectly downcast Mr. A.

"There are eleven hundred and thirty chests on board this steamer, sir; and those eleven hundred and thirty chests of opium were made by you—no, I beg pardon—by the English Government of India, sir. It is Christian opium which we are taking with us to China. It is a splendid demonstration to my poor benighted idolatrous countrymen, how much the great Christian nation of England loves them!"

(To be Continued.)

TEMPERANCE IN MAINE.

Governor Dingley writes as follows in the *Christian Mirror*: "Our own observation, as well as the very general testimony of others, satisfies us that the cause of temperance has made much greater progress in Maine than in any other state, and that its condition to-day in this state is more favorable than at any previous period in our history. Not only is the law which prohibits drinking-houses and tippling-shops more generally and effectively enforced, and the number of suspected dram-shops less than has been the case at any time since prohibition became the policy of the state, nearly twenty-five years ago, but also, as would be naturally expected as a condition of such a state of things, there is a livelier temperance sentiment, more general temperance work, and fewer indications of intemperance, than have ever existed here before, and very far in advance of anything we have ever observed elsewhere."

Within a few months past we have travelled in Maine every week more or less by rail, and visited various parts of the state, and we have hardly seen any indications of a dram-shop or an intoxicated person. Gentlemen whose business requires them to frequently pass over the state inform us that in the rural districts they rarely discover any signs of a dram-shop or observe an intoxicated person; and that even in the cities, where there is a large foreign element who have come to us with the looseness of views on this subject prevalent in other countries, the condition of things in this respect is much better than in similar cities outside of the state. A gentleman resident in Canada, who came here prejudiced against our policy of treating dram-shops, not long since stated to us that after spending several weeks in this state, and making it in his way to be present at large public gatherings, he was willing to confess that he was astonished to see so little intoxication, and such an apparent absence of open dram-shops."

We do not undertake to say how much of this is due to the fact that the state is largely rural and has but few considerable cities; or how much to the fact that so small a proportion of her population are of foreign birth; or how much to the fact that her people are generally of Puritan stock and principles; or how much to her good fortune of earnest temperance workers among her most influential citizens; or how much to the fact that the churches of the state have for years earnestly and actively led in temperance work; or how much to the influence of twenty-five years of almost constant prohibition of dram-shops by law. Whether one of these causes has exerted an overshadowing influence, or all united have produced the result, the fact is patent to every candid observer that in the temperance movement Maine has made greater progress

than any other state in the Union, and entitled to bear on her banner the motto of leadership.

While we are able to bear to our friends in other states so cheering testimony as to the temperance progress thus far made in Maine, we desire at the same time to remind our brethren that there still remains, and always will remain, a great work to be done here. What has been accomplished should encourage us to labor even more zealously in the future. There is work to be done in further lessening the pressure of the temptation of the dram-shop, and, more important still, constant work to be done in inculcating those principles which give men the strength to resist the temptation that can never be wholly removed. In this last work the church should take the lead, not only for the reason that it is her privilege as her duty to bear a conspicuous part in every great moral worth, but also for the reason that it is when one is brought into personal union with Christ that he finds himself the most effectually prepared to resist temptations.

THE MAORI AND THE MAINE LAW.

Some years ago Mr. Roebuck, referring to the Maori war, expressed his belief that all the aboriginal races were destined to disappear before the English emigrant, and he seemed to think that this was a wisely ordered dispensation of Providence, designed to supplant savage races by a highly civilized one. But is it so certain that the aborigines are always savages and that Englishmen are always civilized? We have our doubts about it after reading on the one hand, the reports of the recent assizes, with their deeds of brutality so atrocious that the judge who presided at Birmingham declared he had been so sickened that he would never come there again; and on the other hand, the article in the *Cornhill Magazine* describing the Maori of Lake Taupo. The writer of the article says that he entertained a chief, Pehipipi name, and he "proved to be a teetotaler, for the question of total abstinence is agitating the Maori as it is occupying the attention of so great a portion of the English-speaking world. That temperance would be the greatest of all good things for the natives of New Zealand no one is more convinced than the natives themselves. In the 'King' country, governed entirely by native laws, the sale of 'grog' is prohibited; and it is discouraged wherever the influence of the native chief prevails." Grog includes all kinds of intoxicants, and petitions against its sale are frequently sent up from natives to the Colonial Parliament. One of these petitions is quoted, and a very remarkable document it is. Here is a passage from it; and who that reads it will not admit that the highly civilized wife-beaters of the Midlands and the Lancashire cloggers "have something to learn from these Maori savages?" Thus they plead:—

"A petition from all of us whose names are signed at the foot hereof to all the members of the Parliament to grant this request of ours for some law to be passed by the Assembly and the Government affecting this evil thing grog, which is destroying us, so that a stop may be put to drinking among the Maori, for that is at the root of the evils under which we suffer. These are the evils. It impoverishes us; our children are not born healthy, because the parents drink to excess and the child suffers; it muddles men's brains, and they in ignorance sign important documents, and get into trouble thereby. Grog also turns the intelligent men of the Maori race into fools. Again, grog is the cause of various diseases, which afflict us; we are also liable to accidents, such as tumbling off horses and falling into water; these things occur through drunkenness. It also leads on men to take improper liberties with other men's wives. It also is the cause of men fighting with one another. In fact, there are innumerable evils brought upon the Maori race by grog. We therefore ask for a very stringent law to be passed to keep away the evil thing from the Maori altogether."

This is something more stringent even than the Sunday Closing Bill which Mr. Roebuck expressed his intention to "spit upon." No wonder he desired the extermination of the savages who are so degraded as to want a new Maine Law.—*Western Morning News*, December 28.

HORACE GREELY ON PROHIBITION.—Horace Greeley, "founder of the New York Tribune," in a letter in the *New York Independent*, entitled "Twenty Years of Prohibition," in 1872, wrote: "When I came to New York in August, 1831, lottery placards clothed walls and filled newspapers far more than theatricals did. Now they are rarely seen. Liquor, in Maine, is advertised and dispensed furtively, if at all, as lottery tickets are here. And as not one ticket is sold here now where ten would be if lotteries were still tolerated by law, so it is with liquor in Maine."



Agricultural Department.

THE NECESSITY FOR USING RIPE SEED.

Twenty-five years ago, when the Mashanock was the potato, by careful selection, and by planting only the blossom-ends, we increased its earliness fully a week, the yield being quite uniform in size, and free from blemishes. For twelve years we made no change of seed, and kept the standard good. This was accomplished by setting aside a certain portion of the crop, from which the seed was to be selected. That from which the seed was again to be saved was carefully sorted, and the balance planted for market. Thus we always had seed that could be depended on.

The same plan was adopted with seed corn. None but the ripest and fairest ears were saved for seed; and this, again, was sorted carefully, the selections being made for the seed crop, and the rest planted for marketing. So the best of any given variety of grain may be selected by throwing it across a barn floor from side to side. The heaviest and plumpseed seeds will fly farthest, and if saved and passed through a sieve that will retain only the largest grains, these may be sown for the seed crop, and the rest for marketing. Thus, in a few years, you may have crops of superior excellence, and at comparatively light cost. But in no case must any seed be gathered until it is fully ripe; for as surely as like produces like, so surely will immature seed depreciate the quality and diminish the vigor of the plant, until it finally becomes a prey to every disease, or climatic conditions unfavorable to growth; and it perhaps eventually dies out entirely, to be supplanted by something new.

Take wheat, for instance. If perfectly ripe, the starch and gluten is in its best state for being absorbed by the young plant, giving it vitality and vigor; and the bran, or skin outside, will retain its shape for a considerable time. If the seed be unripe or shrunken, the plants come up weak, and never become as vigorous as they should.

There is no doubt but a great deal of trouble from the attacks of insect depredators arises from this lack of vigor in the growing plant; and this is essentially true as respects its ability to resist fungus attacks and other diseases.

Up to about thirty years ago, grain was not harvested until ripe. Then came the mania for harvesting wheat while in the dough state. The evil increased until the reaction came, and now this species of insanity has pretty nearly run its course. It is true that the bran on wheat so cut will be thin and light; and it is as true that the wheat will be soft and the flour sticky.

The bran from ripe wheat is thin and tough, and from unripe wheat is dry and brittle. Ripe wheat grinds freely, and, when ground, is soft and elastic in the hand, and gives off a pleasant smell. The flour absorbs, and continues to absorb water freely upon being mixed and kneaded, and the loaves of bread, when baked, are light, moist and soft.

Unripe wheat, when ground feels dry, and is more like meal. It lacks the pleasant odor of ripe wheat, absorbs but little water when kneaded—for, the granules being hard, the water lies around it rather than in it, and when baked, the loaf is dry and hard.

Therefore in saving seed grains, it is the wisest economy never, under any circumstances, to save for sowing any but the most thoroughly-ripened samples.—Chicago Tribune.

TREES FOR SHADE AND ORNAMENT.

"For a list of trees to set along the borders of a street in a city or village, or along the highways in the country, I would rank the first the Sugar or Rock Maple (*Acer saccharinum*). It is a noble-looking tree when fully grown and makes a dense shade, so acceptable in a hot day to man or beast. The only objection to its being popular for this purpose is its slow growth. Most people are impatient to have on the start a tree that will grow up, like Jonah's gourd, in a single night; and will discard this for some quick-growing kind—like Poplars or Cottonwood, for instance—forgetting that, while these quick-growing trees, like some fast people, grew, flourish, and have their day, the Hard Maple continues to grow and rear its stately head and stand as a monument to the memory of him who in his wisdom transplants it.

"Next to the Maple I would place the White Elm (*Ulmus americana*). This is sometimes called the Weeping Elm, and is really a beautiful tree, and perhaps more universally used for street purposes in the Northern States than any other single variety. I

need not here give a description of this magnificent tree, as you are all undoubtedly acquainted with its habits and growth. A row of trees alternately Maple and Elm have a very pleasing effect. Next in order comes the White Ash (*Fraxinus americana*). This tree is not as large in its growth as the two former, but excels them in the rapidity of its growth, and makes an excellent shade-tree; its main and only objection being its habit of dropping its leaves in early fall. The Linden, or more commonly-known Basswood (*Tilia americana*), makes a beautiful shade-tree; but its tendency to sucker or sprout makes it objectionable to many. Yet I would advise its culture, on account of its beautiful foliage and fragrant blossoms.

"For a quick-growing tree for street purposes, rightly managed, I would not discard the Soft Maple, White or Red (*Acer dasycarpum* and *Acer rubrum*). These trees have received considerable abuse for a few years past—I begin to think unjustly; and they have been required to take a back seat in some localities, for their tendency to breed or harbor the borer, a pest that is destroying them in great numbers. And here let me record another little item of observation and experience. I have never yet, in a single instance, seen a tree of this species that was in any manner afflicted with the borer that was standing where it first grew from the seed; or, in other words, had never been transplanted. With these trees the sap begins to circulate very early in the spring, as soon as the frost leaves the ground, just the time we begin to transplant. Now, in my opinion, the trouble lies in the act of taking up the tree. In most instances, after the operator has dug around the tree and cut off its roots to loosen it, he takes hold of the body of the tree and weaves it back and forth in such a manner that it has a tendency to loosen or break the inner bark of the wood, about two feet from the ground; which in time produces decay, and the borer commences his depredations. In most if not quite all trees which I have examined I have found that decay and the borer commenced at that point; hence my conclusions. It is a subject well worthy of our investigation, for I dislike very much to have so worthy a tree 'go to the bad' through no fault of its own.

"There is another quick-growing tree that I would like to mention in this connection—that is the Box Elder or Ash-leaved Maple (*Acer negundo*). From what I have seen of it in my grounds, I think very favorably of it. Its main objection, so far, is its very rapid growth; hence its tendency to grow crooked or sprawling, as it were, being in a measure top-heavy while young, and apt to bend over and remain so unless straightened and tied up. I have it on trial.

"The foregoing comprises my list of street and highway trees. I have purposely left out the Poplars and Willows, as I consider none of them worthy for that purpose. You will also perceive that I have left out our native Oaks and Hickories. Not that I consider them unworthy, by any means; but from the fact of the difficulties attending their transplanting. If any of you are so fortunate as to have any of them growing on the line of your streets or highways, or upon your lawns, or even in your door-yard, however small it may be, please let them remain, and not cut them down, except for a cause, for it will take years to replace them, however rapid they may be in growing."—By F. S. Lawrence, in "Report of Wisconsin State Horticultural Society."

REGULARITY IN FEEDING.—It is very comfortable in cold weather to sit by a warm fire. Many who have the care of stock dislike to leave warm quarters, and cling to the fireplace, letting half hour after half hour pass by, while the hungry stock are shivering and hungering for food and water. In this waiting for food and water, an animal loses flesh rapidly. Brutes are the best time-keepers in the world. They know the very minute their food should be supplied, and are disappointed if it does not come. The stock breeder, therefore, should see that regularity and promptness prevail in the care and management of stock. Their various wants should have attention at the very minute daily. If hired men will not be prompt in taking care of stock, if they don't sympathize with brutes in winter, they ought to be discharged and more humane men employed in their places. The poor brutes do suffer severely in winter. Even in warm barns and stables they can hardly keep warm in cold weather, but if left out of doors, exposed to storms and cold, their sufferings are intense, and they should be fed with the regularity of clock work, and fed all they can eat, and they will require at least one-third more food to keep up animal heat than they would if kept in the stable. All stock should have shelter. It is cruel to leave it exposed to the rigors of winter without shelter.—Rural World.

THE BEST BREED OF FOWLS.—The question is often asked: "Which is the best breed of fowls?" That question will never be answered

to the satisfaction of all fowl breeders, because there are so many different opinions on this subject. One man has bred light Brahmas, and he thinks he cannot be excelled; another has the dark Brahmas, and he thinks that breed the best; while another likes the Leghorn, or some other breed, above all others. It depends on what your object is, whether eggs alone, fowls for market, or both fowls and eggs. Very large fowls are unprofitable as layers, if the eggs be sold, because their eggs are so large. A dozen small eggs will sell for as much as a dozen large ones, as eggs are eggs whether small or large. As layers only, the different varieties of Leghorn and Hamburg fowls, probably cannot be excelled. But for dressed, market poultry, the light and dark Brahmas are unsurpassed; and as layers they are considered by many to be in the first class, and even the best of all breeds; but it will not cost so much for feed to produce one hundred eggs from some of the smaller birds, as from the larger ones. For general use it is safe to say, that the light Brahmas stand at the head of the list of dunghill fowls.—N. Y. Observer.

HOUSE PLANTS.—Most of our plants are injured by too much heat. For a general collection of house plants it is not best to allow the thermometer to be above seventy, and if they could be kept in a room where the thermometer would usually not range much above sixty-five it would be the better. In the night-time fifty is high enough. Give a little fresh air every fine day, and all the sunlight attainable. An effort should be made to give moisture to the atmosphere for our own good as well as the health of the plants. This can be done in various ways by evaporating water, but when plants are in a separate apartment, like a little greenhouse, it can be done more conveniently and effectually, although this separate apartment be only a bay-window, with glass doors, separating it from the living-room. In this water can be kept by syringing, and a moist atmosphere preserved. The temperature with this arrangement can be kept lower than would be comfortable in the living-room, and the plants are saved from dust and many evils which we manage to endure and live, but which generally prove too much for the plants.

SHEEP ON A FARM.—Sheep are undervalued by the mass of landholders, as a means of keeping up the fertility of the soil and putting money into the pockets of the farmers. The moment one begins to talk of sheep husbandry, the listener or reader begins to look for wool quotations alone when there is talk about the profits of farming. Sheep on a farm yield both wool and mutton. They multiply with great rapidity. They are the best of farm scavengers, "cleaning a field" as no other class of animals will. They give back to the farm more in proportion to what they take from it than any other animal, and distribute it better with a view to future fertility of the soil. Prove this. There is no need of proof to those who have kept sheep, and know their habits and the profits they yield. To prove it to those who have not had the experience, it is necessary they should try the experiment, or accept the testimony of an experienced shepherd.—N. Y. Herald.

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF A HORSE TEAM.—The treatment of horses is an art, and but little understood generally, and where understood not always practised, so that our horses are pretty well abused animals. This is not only wrong, but a loss, and a considerable one. Treat a horse well always, from colthood up, and it is remarkable how much labor may be got out of him. Treat him, first, kindly; never overfeed him, particularly with grain. Have a warm ventilated stable for him, soft and dry. Feed him regularly; keep him clean; and never overstrain him, not even once. He will then be a servant for you for a long time. You will get from a quarter to a third more time and labor out of him, and this the same horse already practised and broke to your hand not needing to be renewed in the young horse that is to supply, prematurely, his place.—Dumb Animals.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT WHITEWASH.—The request for whitewashing sent out by the Lighthouse Board of the U. S. Treasury Department has been found by experience to answer on wood, brick and stone nearly as well as oil paint and is much cheaper. Slake a half bushel of unslaked lime with hot water, keeping it covered during the process. Strain it, and add a peck of salt, dissolved in warm water; three pounds of ground rice put in boiling water and boiled to a thin paste; one half-pound powdered Spanish whiting; and a pound of clear glue, dissolved in warm water; mix these well together, and let the mixture stand for several days. Keep the wash thus prepared in a kettle or portable furnace, and when used put it on as hot as possible with either painter's or whitewash brushes.

—The editor of the New England Farmer says he has fed many bushels of apples to his cows and young cattle the past season. In case of cholera, the animal is turned loose in the yard, and, if relief is not obtained at once by mov-

ing around, he uses a spoonful of soft soap to a quart of warm water and pours a little down her throat followed by a gentle hand rubbing on the outside of the neck near the seat of the trouble. Sometimes two or three doses were required; usually one was sufficient.

—The American Chemist says that a Western farmer discovered many years ago that wood could be made to last longer than iron in the ground. Time and weather, he says, seem to have no effect upon it. The posts can be prepared for less than two cents a piece. This is the recipe: Take boiled linseed oil and stir into it pulverized charcoal to the consistency of paint. Put a coat of this over the timber, and, he adds, there is not a man who will live to see it rot.

DOMESTIC.

—As the sun gets more powerful, the plants in the greenhouse and windows should be looking at their best. During cold nights a thin cloth or newspapers thrown over houseplants, will protect them from being chilled.

—Insects must be looked after, else they will soon over-run the plants. Fumigate at least once a week, to kill the green fly, selecting a time when the house is not too moist. To destroy the red spider, it is only necessary to sprinkle the plants thoroughly once or twice every week. Mealy bugs must be destroyed by hand-picking.

—A good receipt for apple bread is the following:—Weigh one pound of fresh juicy apples; peel, core, and stew them into a pulp, being careful to use a porcelain kettle or a stone jar, placed inside a kettle of boiling water; mix the pulp with two pounds of the best flour; put in the same quantity of yeast you would use for common bread, and as much water as will make it a fine, smooth dough; put it into a pan, and place it in a warm place to rise, and let it remain for twelve hours at least. Form it into rather long shaped loaves, and bake in a quick oven.

BREAKFAST PUFFS.—Beat up two eggs very light, adding to them one quart of sweet milk, and gradually creaming into it sifted flour and a little salt, until it is of the consistency of waffle batter. Bake quickly in tin puff pans.

CALF'S LIVER BROILED.—Cut the liver into thin slices, wash it, and let it stand in salt and water for half an hour to draw out all the blood. Season with salt and pepper, and broil, basting frequently with butter. Either fried or broiled liver is more delicate if, after it is out in slices for cooking, it is par-boiled in salt and water.

RICHMOND BATTER CAKES.—Two cupfuls of sifted flour and one of cornmeal, three eggs beaten separately, made into a batter with buttermilk or sour milk, in which a tea-spoonful of soda has been thoroughly dissolved. Pour upon a greased griddle from a spoon, and allow the cakes to have the thickness of good buckwheat cakes.

MOUNTAIN GINGERBREAD.—Beat until creamed and perfectly light half a pound of butter and a quarter of a pound of sugar. Add to this one tea-spoonful of cinnamon, cloves, and allspice mixed, and about one-fourth of the flour, which is a quarter of a pound altogether. Whisk six eggs very light, and stir in by degrees. Mix together half a gill of new milk and three gills of molasses, and stir in slowly. Add gradually the rest of the flour, and beat all well but lightly together. Add one table-spoonful of saleratus prepared as in the following recipe, and one pound of raisins, seeded and chopped. Bake in square or round tins, in a moderate oven.

RICE WAFFLES.—One cupful of rice boiled done, three cupfuls of flour, three eggs, one tea-spoonful of soda, and a piece of lard or butter the size of a walnut. The ingredients must all be prepared separately, for negligence on the part of a cook will prevent the success of any recipe. Be sure to beat your eggs very light. See that every particle of soda is thoroughly dissolved, and that after it is added the baking be not long delayed, lest the effervescing properties of the soda be destroyed, and consequently the cakes heavy. This batter may be used in waffle-irons, or else baked like flannel cakes upon the open griddle.

INDIAN PUDDING.—An inexpensive pudding can be made of Indian meal in this way:—Set one pint of milk on the stove. When it boils, add four table-spoons meal, wet in a little cold milk, and a little pinch of salt. Let it boil ten minutes, then pour it into the bowl you are going to bake in, and add one quart of cold milk (this cold milk added is what makes the pudding juicy, and ignorance of this is what spoils so many Indian puddings), one tea-spoon good cinnamon, sweeten with molasses or brown sugar to taste, and one egg, being care not to add it when the mixture is too hot, or the egg will be cooked, and the pudding ruined. If you want it a little extra, add one-half tea-cup of raisins. Put it in the oven, having it as hot as for bread.

JANET MASON'S TROUBLES.

(From the Sunday Magazine.)

CHAPTER VI.

How hot and heavy the sunshine used to feel to Janet as it poured in at the uncurtained windows all through the long summer days! No fresh sweet breeze seemed ever to come into that dull narrow street; no sweet familiar country sounds ever reached the child's ear. Instead of the songs of birds in the tree-branches, instead of the soft lowing of the cows in their meadows, she only heard now the rattling of carts over the stony streets, the shouting of costermongers' boys, the voices of rough children at play; instead of looking out on grass and trees and flowers, she had nothing to look out on but the opposite unbroken line of dull brick houses.

Ah, if she could go home once more, and see the little house again where she had lived, and play again in the sweet quiet fields, and hear the birds sing as they had been used to sing before her father died, in those happy summer days! Such a longing to return to it all used to come at times to Janet that now and then she would even try to talk about these dear old times to Dick or Jack or Bill. "Oh, I wish I could take you to see our house!" she would sometimes say. "It was such a dear little house. You can't think how pretty it used to be."

"I wonder what you would think of our village, Dick, if you were there?" she said one day.

It was a hot August afternoon, and Dick, extended on the floor, was lying kicking his heels in the coolest place that he could find.

"H'm—I daresay it's a rum place," he replied. "A beggarly old place, father calls it; but if it's cooler there than here, I'd be off to it, if I could, like a shot."

"It is never so hot there as here," said Janet eagerly. "There is a little river, you know; and always down at the river there is a breeze; and there are woods with great trees in them, and you can lie under the trees and be so cool. Oh, you would like it, Dick! There are such lovely things there. Such flowers! Think of having roses growing all round the windows! And squirrels! You would like to see squirrels, wouldn't you?" said the child coaxingly, trying so, in her longing to arouse Dick's in-

terest in what she was talking of, to think of the sort of things in that sweet home of hers that he would be likely to care about. "You would never get tired of watching the squirrels, Dick."

But Dick began to whistle a tune, and would not get interested about the squirrels. He was not an imaginative boy; he did not care to try and picture those delights that were beyond his knowledge and his reach. He began to whistle, and then, when he had done whistling—

"I wish I'd a pocketful o' aranges," he said. "Wouldn't I

when the day came. So it passed without notice from anyone.

There were no lessons for Janet during these months; nobody had time to teach her anything, or cared about teaching her. Her uncle, indeed, soon after she went to live with him, had said something about sending her to school.

"I suppose we shall have to do it," he had said to his wife, "though it's very hard upon us."

But Mrs. Mason had answered quickly—

"I don't see why we need bother our heads about it. She

a dozen other things that would never help you to earn your bread. Mrs. Mason had not learned much history herself in her youth, and had never felt the want of it, and she naturally argued that what had been no loss to her would be no loss to Janet. Let boys go to school, for a good education helps to start them in the world; but what need a girl want to know except to read and write, and add up a line of figures?

Janet could read fairly well, and often still in spare moments she would try to solace herself with poring over the torn pages of her old familiar story-books. How well she knew each little tale! How many a recollection they brought back to her! There were some rough little woodcuts to them that she and her father had colored; on the flyleaf of one ragged volume there was a picture that they had made together. How well she recollected the day when they had done it,—a cold white winter day, with the snow upon the ground. She had sat beside him at his table, and he had drawn it with his arm about her. It was a picture of the little church she knew so well, with the snow upon its roof, and on the graves in the churchyard. Perhaps as he drew it he had known that before another year had gone the snow would be lying upon his grave as it lay on those others there; but Janet at least had not known that. The sun was shining out of doors on the white ground. "Oh, how pretty it is! I wish the snow would come ever so much oftener than it does. Papa, don't you like it?" the child had said.

Had they all passed away for ever—those dear, calm, happy days? Janet would sit sometimes dreaming over her torn books, till in the midst of her dreaming her aunt's sharp voice would come, and make her start up with a guilty feeling. One day when she was reading to herself, Jack, in the innocent playfulness of his nature, came up on tiptoe behind her, armed with the tongs, and, making a rapid plunge with that powerful weapon, seized on the volume as it lay on Janet's lap, and, securing it firmly between the two prongs, lifted it up in the air high above her head.

"Oh!" cried Janet piteously, and sprang to her feet. "Jack, don't! Please don't!"

But at this appeal Jack only retreated, and danced a dance of triumph upon the hearth.

"Make a bonfire of it," said Bill, who was present too.



"I'M MATE IN CHARGE."

go into them if I had!" And the attractions of these oranges whose charms were familiar to him quite outweighed poor Janet's squirrels in her tree-tops.

On one of these hot August days Janet's birthday came. She had said a week or two before to Jack, who had been having a birthday of his own, "You are just five years older than me. You are thirteen to-day, and I shall be eight on the 14th of August"; but neither Jack nor anybody else remembered that

can read and write, and I don't know what she wants with any more learning than that."

"Well, she may wait a little bit, perhaps, at any rate," replied Mr. Mason; and then nothing more was said, and of course Janet did not go to school. She was useful in the house, and it was a great deal better, Mrs. Mason thought, to be making beds and dusting rooms than to be taking money that you had no right to out of other people's pockets that you might learn history and geography, and half-

"Oh, no! Oh, you won't! Oh, Jack!" cried Janet, bursting into tears.

"See if I won't then! Hold her back, Bill; pinion her; that's right. Now then, one—two—three!" And as Jack said "three!" down he dropped the poor little volume amongst the red coals.

She was such a quiet little thing at most times, perhaps neither of the boys was quite prepared for the scream of agony she gave as she saw the book she loved drop down into the flames. Bill was standing behind her, pinioning her, as he had been ordered to do, and Bill was so startled by her cry that he let her escape from his hold from pure amazement; and in another instant Jack too was utterly confounded, for before he could believe his senses a great blow struck his big ears that very nearly upset his balance, and then the next moment Janet had caught her charred and half-burnt book out of the flames, with a bitter pitiful sob that might have gone to the boys' hearts if they had had hearts to be touched by anything. She clasped her blackened book in her arms, and wrapped her pinafore round it to extinguish the burning, and sobbed as if her heart would break. The boys looked at one another, and then turned away with nether sheepish faces.

"I'm sure it's hardly a bit worse than it was before," Jack said contemptuously after a moment or two, looking back over his shoulder. "It's been all in pieces for ever so long. You needn't make such a fuss over it."

But Janet returned no answer. She sat down presently at the window, and leant her head on the sill, and laid the book against her cheek, as if it had been some poor wounded thing. If they had tried to kill a living creature that she loved, would she not have felt just as she felt then? Jack went to his lessons, and sat over them whistling with rather a perplexed mind. His ear was tingling yet with the blow that Janet had given him, but to do him justice he did not bear her any malice for her blow. Perhaps the vigor with which she had bestowed it on him had, on the contrary, inspired him with a touch of respect for her. For, you see, these rough boys had got into the habit of thinking her such a poor-spirited thing that she would bear anything from them, and they trampled upon her to a large extent, just because they be-

lieved that she was too timid and cowardly to stand up for herself. But now, at last, she had stood up for herself, and Jack, as he buckled himself to his arithmetic, felt something almost like regret that he had tried to tease her so. He had not wanted to hurt her; he had only wanted a bit of fun. How could he have supposed that she would care so much about a stupid old book?

In the course of that evening, some hours after the burning had taken place, he presented her with a piece of lollypop as a peace-offering. She had long left off crying by that time; she had carried her book upstairs, hidden it amongst her clothes, and she was sitting in the kitchen hemming dusters for her aunt.

Jack sauntered to her side, and took a very moist packet from his trousers' pocket.

"You may have a bit of that, if you like," he said, untwisting the paper, and displaying a brown glutinous stick, in that uncomfortable state of dissolution which some sorts of sweetstuff always fall into in summer.

"Oh! thank you," answered Janet hesitatingly, looking at the offered gift with mingled feelings.

"It's too sticky to break. You'd better bite a bit off," said Jack.

So then Janet advanced her mouth, and Jack with great solemnity held the stick out to her, and she bit. But her teeth stuck in the substance, and it being very limp indeed, and the reverse of brittle, Jack had to work it up and down before they could get the bit she desired to eat parted from the rest.

"It gets soft in this weather," said Jack apologetically, "but it's coming now. There; that's it. You'll have to lick your lips, though." For in wrestling over the business of separation, no small amount of treacherous matter had got daubed over Janet's mouth.

"Oh, yes," said Janet, trying to extricate her teeth.

"It's good, ain't it?" enquired Jack.

"Yes, very good."

"They always have good lollypops at Chubbins's. I'll show you the shop some day, and then when you get a penny you can buy some."

"Thank you," said Janet, not at all seeing her way to avail herself of this opportunity, but grateful, nevertheless, for the information.

And then Jack nodded, and,

returning the moist parcel to his pocket, went back again to his lessons, and, to tell the truth and give him his due, felt rather more comfortable than he had done before. For, if he had been a little unkind to Janet, had he not done his best now to make it up handsomely to her?

"She didn't take much," thought Jack to himself, with some natural congratulation, and then for a moment the question presented itself to him whether a high sense of courtesy might not demand that he should offer a second bite to her; but after a little consideration he rejected this suggestion as altogether absurd and quixotic. "She'd have taken more if she'd wanted it," he said to himself; and this was so reasonable a view of the matter that he dismissed it from his thoughts, and ate the rest of his lollypop as those do who have an easy mind.

Perhaps of the three boys Janet liked her cousin Jack the best. She was the least afraid of Jack. Rough as he was, and selfish as he was, yet sometimes he took her part when the others were vexing her, and once or twice he even gave a blow or took a blow for her. One night he threw an ink-bottle at Bill's head when Bill was teasing her in the peculiarly irritating way in which Bill loved to tease. The child was laboriously darning stockings, and Bill, with a pair of scissors in his hand, was standing behind her back, snipping her cotton in two, over and over again, whenever she had got a needleful of it drawn through the hole that she was mending. She had moved from one seat to another to try to escape from him, but he had followed her wherever she went, she had tried to slip from the room, but he had leapt forward and stood against the door, clipping the air with his scissors, and making grimaces in her face; and at last, when for about the twentieth time he had triumphantly cut her thread, she had burst into tears of helpless vexation. She had all these stockings to mend before she went to bed, and how could she do them? how could she get through her work unless somebody would speak to Bill?

"Oh, baby!" shouted Bill, as soon as he saw her tears, and he immediately began himself to sob, and to stuff his knuckles into his eyes.

"I say, Bill, you let her alone," cried Jack at this stage of the business.

Jack, naturally unwilling to interfere with his brother's sports,

had hitherto taken no notice of Janet's distress; but he lifted up his head now, and uttered this admonition in rather a belligerent voice.

"Let her alone yourself," replied Bill defiantly.

"I ain't touching her," said Jack, with indignation.

"I don't interfere with you," said Bill. And then snip went the scissors again, and in two again went Janet's thread.

"Oh, it's too bad! Oh, how can you?" cried poor helpless Janet, and burst into fresh tears as Bill broke into a great laugh.

"Now, stop that!" shouted Jack, savagely. "You've been going on long enough."

"I'll go on as long as I like," retorted Bill, and put out his tongue in the direction of his brother,—not, I am afraid, in sign of respect.

"You will, will you?" said Jack; and then—there was a small stone ink-bottle standing on the table, and Jack seized it and hurled it at Bill's head. Bill ducked, but the missile struck him on the crown of his head, the ink poured over his face, and Bill howled.

"Oh Jack!" cried frightened Janet, and jumped up, and let all the stockings fall upon the ground.

"I don't care," said Jack with affected indifference, and propped his elbows on the table, and appeared to deep in his lessons; but, in spite of his look of abstraction, I suspect his heart began to beat rather fast as he heard his mother's voice upon the stairs.

"What mischief in the world are you up to now? Which of you has been spilling the ink? Jack, is it you?" cried Mrs. Mason, and as she asked her question, without waiting for a reply to it, she smote Jack on the side of his head; for Mrs. Mason was fond of rapid punishments, and a little wholesome boxing of the ears, even before a fault was proved, never to her thinking did any harm, but often very much the reverse.

"Yes—he threw the ink-bottle at me," howled Bill, holding up his ink-stained face.

"Jack!" cried Mrs. Mason in a terrible voice, and the next instant a series of blows began to fall thick as hail on Jack's devoted head.

"I'll teach you to throw ink-bottles! I'll ink-bottle you!" cried Mrs. Mason, crimson in the face.

"I've got all the ink in my eyes!" whined Bill.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



The Family Circle.

SHEPHERD SONG.

[From the German of Uhland.]

BY MARY E. ATKINSON.

O winter, tiresome winter,
Thou makest the world so small!
Thou shuttest us up in the valley,
In the house imprisonest all.

And if I ever go over
My fair-haired love to see,
Scarcely through the narrow window
Can she catch a glimpse of me.

If I pluck up courage and venture
In at the cottage door,
She sits between father and mother,
Nor lifts her eyes from the floor.

O summer, beautiful summer,
Thou makest the world so wide!
As we climb the grassy mountain
It broadens on every side.

And if on the cliff you are standing,
My sweetheart dear and true,
I call, and the echo repeats it,
Yet nobody hears but you.

And if close in my arms I hold you,
On the glad, free mountain height,
Nobody sees us, darling,
Though the world is all in sight.

—Christian Union.

A TRIFLE SAVED.

Jane and Edward Rands have been married some years, but when they commenced house-keeping Edward's means were very small, for he received but a moderate salary as a clerk; and his wife had to tax all her powers in making both ends meet.

Like those of other people, the Rands' expenses have increased; yet, by observing the golden rule of never having anything unless they could pay for it, they have kept out of debt.

It is half-past four o'clock, and Mrs. Rands, who has been spending an hour with a sick neighbor, folds her work and hastens to get tea for her husband and children.

At the close of the day when the little ones go tired but happily to bed, the husband and wife sit down for a quiet chat.

It is the hour that Edward and Jane prize most of all; in this hour the broad-winner confides to his helpmeet all the little anxieties and hopes connected with his business life; and Jane encourages and sympathizes with the toiler in her own quiet way.

"Mr. Hudson has promised me a rise at Christmas," says Edward.

Jane smiles as she answers, "That is something pleasant to look forward to."

"I was wondering, my dear," continues her husband, "if, in any way, we could squeeze out enough money to buy you your long-wished-for sewing machine?"

Jane shook her head as she answered, "I think not, it would straiten us too much—we must wait a bit longer."

But as she spoke a tiny smile curled the corners of her mouth—as if a pleasant thought was running through her mind—and she sent a quick glance at her husband which said as plainly as possible,

"Ah! I have my little secret about that," but the smile died away as she asked anxiously: "What is the matter?"

Edward Rands was sitting with knitted brows and cloudy face. His wife's voice roused him, and with an attempt at ease he said,

"Matter? nothing: I was thinking of something I did to-day, I may as well tell you, for there should be no secrets between husband and wife."

"What is it, dear?" she questioned quietly. Edward shifted his position uneasily before he began.

"Well, I did something out of my usual line to oblige a friend. As I was going along Fenchurch street, I met James Cox; you know he's a very old friend, we were boys together; we had a chat, and, to make a long story short, he's in a little trouble and wanted to raise some money. He and his wife have been living too fast, I'm afraid."

"He wanted to borrow of you?" interrupted Jane, anxiously.

"Oh no, dear! he only wanted me to become security for him for ten pounds, a mere matter of form, he said, just to put my name to a bill; he'll pay it when it's due, for then he will have the money."

"And did you?—have you?" enquired Jane, breathlessly.

"Well—yes, dear—he is such an old friend I couldn't say No."

Jane spoke not a word of reproach, but the look of care and trouble that settled on her face caused her husband some pain; but what was done could not be undone, so he tried to make the best of it.

"It will be all right," said Edward, cheerfully. "I wouldn't have had anything to do with it if I had thought otherwise."

"No, of course not."

But though Jane kept her fears to herself, her husband knew they were there, and he longed to take her to task for all her dismal thoughts.

"Though it will be no laughing matter if James does not take it up," he thought to himself: "where to turn for the money I shouldn't know."

Jane's face became graver and graver as the time for payment drew near. She had heard of similar cases where those who had become security had been let in for the amount, and whose homes, in consequence, had been broken up.

The night before the bill was due Edward was a little excited and irritable, and Jane had to tax her every power in soothing, and in making things appear as smoothly as usual.

"Good-bye, dear!" said Edward next morning, as he stopped to give his wife her usual kiss, "make the most of your fears to-day," he added gaily, "for to-night I hope they will all vanish."

Jane tried to smile as she breathed fervently, "Ah!—I hope so."

The day lagged! How Jane trusted and hoped!

"Haven't father come home yet?" and a little wondering face pushed open the parlor door.

"No, dear; but tell Janey and Nellie to come in to tea; we won't wait any longer; father's late to-night."

The voice was very gentle, and the children little guessed the load of anxiety that their mother was suffering.

Tea over, the children soon went to bed, and Jane's fears increased with every hour.

"At last!" she said, as she heard his well-known step coming up the gravel-walk—his step certainly, though much heavier than usual.

Jane's fears were confirmed when her husband walked past her; and sitting down—without noticing the cosy little tea that was prepared for him—he covered his face with his hand as he murmured,

"I'm let in for it, Jane—they've come upon me for the money! and I've not got it, you know—I've not got it!"

Removing his hand, he disclosed two hag-gard-looking eyes.

Jane placed her arm soothingly round his shoulder as she said in soft tones—

"Don't afflict yourself, Edward, dear, for you did it out of kindness."

"Kindness!" he repeated, impatiently; "call it weakness! Is it kind to beggar you and the children for the sake of another who has no claim upon me?"

"We shall not be beggars," she answered softly.

"No, true; not as long as I can work for you! But what is to be done, Jane? the money must be paid! There is but one way—" he stopped and looked anxiously into his wife's face.

"What is that, dear?"

He hesitated. He knew how proud Jane was of her home, and he guessed the pain that the sacrifice he was about to suggest would cost her.

"The only way to get out of this trouble is by selling a part of our home."

Jane's face flushed, but her husband continued firmly,

"If the sum had been heavier all must have gone; but, as it is, a part will satisfy the demands! Can you make this sacrifice, Jane?"

As he spoke he stood up; and placing his hands on his wife's shoulders, looked searchingly into her eyes.

For the moment there was silence; for one moment Edward was kept in suspense as to whether he should find his wife the willing helpmeet he calculated on or no.

Then, while the light brightened in Jane's eyes, and with the sweetest of smiles on her lips, she answered,

"Quite willing, dear husband, to do that, and much more for your sake, if necessary; but it's not necessary—it's not necessary at all, dear Edward!" she repeated warmly; and slipping her hand into her pocket, she pulled out a little red bag, and holding it up before his astonished eyes, continued, "there's the money, so the house need not go; and it's all for you, dear Edward!" but the last words ended with a little sob; tears of joy coursed down her cheek as she laid her head on her husband's shoulder and received his fond caresses.

"But I can't understand it, Jane!" he exclaimed, in bewilderment; "there's some mistake!"

"No mistake," she answered; and taking the little bag from his hand she emptied its contents; then and there, on the table, lay ten golden sovereigns. And while her husband looked from her to the gold, and from the gold to her, she knelt in front of him, and told the history of the yellow shiners.

"I didn't get them all at once, you know. They have been the savings of years. The first one was my marriage gift from dear father; the foundation of a nest egg; he called it; the rest came by slow degrees. Out of the weekly money you allow I have always been able to put by a trifle. As long as we could live within our income, I've always considered ourselves rich. Then, instead of having my beer twice a day, I only take it at supper; so I have the penny at dinner. That, done for years, has mounted up. Then, by management, I've made one gown last the time of two."

"And yet you always look well dressed?" interrupted her husband, admiringly.

"Yes; thanks to dear mother's careful teaching, I'm able to twist and turn to advantage."

"And to save to advantage," added Edward, as he pressed a loving kiss on her cheek. "But for what were you saving this?" he questioned earnestly.

"For whatever was wanted with it," she answered, with a laugh. Then, as she saw her husband read her secret, she added, "Well, I have two pounds left now towards the sewing-machine, for I had saved twelve pounds; so the nest is not empty yet."

The loving look that accompanied the words satisfied Edward that at no sacrifice would his wife stop where his peace of mind was concerned; and not one thought of regret did Jane send after her sewing-machine; only too thankful did she feel in having the means to supply the present want.

As Edward sat enjoying his cosy tea, he felt that his wife was a treasure indeed, and he firmly resolved never to hazard her peace of mind by again lacking the moral courage to say "No" to a friend.—*Susie, in British Workwoman.*

THE CALL TO PRAYER.

BY THE REV. R. E. ROGERS.

"Thus saith the Lord God: I will yet for this be enquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them; I will increase them with men like a flock" (Ezekiel 36: 37).

Thus God builds up his church. He might work independently; but he chooses not to do it. He is, doubtless, able to dispense the treasures of his grace, and send his Spirit to work mightily in unregenerate hearts, without the intercessions of his people; but he has chosen to connect the praying of the church with the salvation of the world. The redeeming Christ says to his people, "Share with me, in your measure, my vicarious work; travail in birth for souls; go down into your Gethsemane and bear your burden; blend the agony of your yearning for a world's deliverance with mine."

He calls his people to prayer. As the upper-room and Pentecost were united, so now the pleading of a million closets, and the united applications of ten thousand prayer-meetings must be connected with great victories for our Zion. I want to breathe into every pastor's ear the hint that Moody has no monopoly of salvation. All the machinery of salvation and the means of converting power are at your command. But the power, the power itself, is the Lord's. "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." Hide not the fact, evade it not; we want the baptism of the Holy Spirit for ourselves, and our people need it, as the thirsty fields of summer need the rain.

Let us take the promise, and, boldly, importunately, plead it: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" How many are saying, "We must have a revival this winter?" How many fathers and mothers in Israel are mourning over the spiritual death which has prevailed so long? When shall the change begin? How shall the longed-for work of grace be secured? The most convenient answers are, "Send for Moody," "Send for Hammond," "Send for Earle."

"Ah, brethren, let me say it reverently, send for the Holy Spirit. Date and subscribe to the message, with tears, in your closet; and be sure that the message is endorsed by the name of Jesus Christ, and that the plea is made in his name. We are so prone to run hither and thither for help, and fall back on an arm of flesh. Preaching is impotent till the Holy Spirit makes it potent. Our most fervent appeals are utterly powerless, until the Holy Spirit uses them."

Much we need the old-time converting power. Then skepticism will vanish, the ball-room will be deserted, and the place of prayer will be full; apathy and carelessness will give place to intense anxiety about the soul's salvation; tears will bedew the cheeks,

and the cry for mercy will break from the lips. Oh, for converting power! Let the call go forth, with a pathetic, heart-breaking earnestness, never known by Moslem tongue: "To prayer!" "To prayer!"—*S. S. Times.*

"IS THAT ALL?"

BY REV. FREDERICK G. CLARK, D.D.

Mrs. A—, twenty years ago, was before the session of our church to express her faith in Christ. Her husband, a respectable cartman, had accompanied her to the place as a gentleman should. He was a little surprised when I said to him, "Come in with her; you are very welcome, and hear what is said."

He came into the room where the session were sitting. His wife answered a few simple questions which the pastor put to her. There was nothing answering to the formidable term "examination" which has scared off so many humble people from the communion—a word which I never apply to this business. The substance of the interview was simply that this lady, conscious of her need of Christ, did heartily accept Him as her divine Saviour, to love, trust and obey. On this confession she was received to the church. Immediately her husband showed great emotion, and said, with tears and broken utterance,

"Is that all? Why can't I come too? I love God, and pray to Him every day on my cart!"

The surprise was universal; tears came in every eye. The husband's name was enrolled by the side of his wife's, and they sat together at the next communion.

The test of a score of years justified this transaction. I have no memory more fresh and pleasant than that of this godly family. They were poor and humble. But for quiet earnest, clean and godly living, I know nothing to exceed that of the home of Mr. A. He has lately gone to join the holy throng above.

My conviction is that there is to-day many an Ethiopian sunning himself in the prophet,—Yes, reading the very story of the "Lamb dumb before his shearers;" yet needing a Philip to interpret the reading and preach unto him Jesus. There is many a person in every congregation, hungry and weary for Christ, but not knowing how near that Christ is to him. Many a Mary weeps and asks for her Lord, who in a moment would shout "Rabboni," if her eyes could be opened.

Many a man of business, convinced of the emptiness of this world, would be only too glad to exclaim—"Is that all?"—and to follow Jesus in the way, if we could free the Gospel of ceremonies in which our philosophy has entombed it. Explain it as we can, the door of the Kingdom is beset with ghostly forms of superstition and ceremony, besides the real hindrances of an unwilling mind. The greatest teacher is he who can drive off these ghosts and meet realities on their own ground. He who shall bring in the largest sheaf in the coming harvest, is very likely that one who shall be wise enough to ask of every man what Christ asks, and nothing more.

I believe there is great ripeness in our congregations. The full blaze of Christian instruction has quickened many a heart. The problem is, with God's help, to persuade men how accessible Christ is, and how simple are the elements of Christian faith.—*N. Y. Observer.*

SAVINGS BANKS IN SCHOOLS.

In the autumn of 1868 M. Laurent, professor of Civil Law in the University of Ghent, Belgium, proposed to some of the teachers of the public schools of that city the establishment of savings banks in the schools, with a view of promoting among the children, and more particularly those of the poorer class, habits of economy that would be likely to improve their position in after life. Some objections were raised, but successfully combated, and it was resolved soon after to make the trial, and in 1869 two of the communal schools were furnished with the necessary material by the city council.

The result has been eminently successful; and at the present day, of the 15,000 scholars who frequent the public schools of that city, more than 13,000 who commenced by their savings bank at the school, have succeeded in getting to themselves accounts open at the savings banks of the State, with the very respectable sum of 463,064 francs, nearly \$90,000, at their credit, all or mostly all collected by penny contributions at school. At the commencement of this enterprise it was viewed with an evil eye by many of the parents of the children; but the young people soon converted their elders; and it is considered one of the most gratifying consequences of this movement that not only the young are encouraged in forming habits of frugality and economy, but the parents and relatives of the children are induced to become depositors at the savings bank, instead of spending, as before, all that they earned, without thought for the future. In the city of Ghent, itself, the progress in this

respect has been remarkable, the number of depositors in the year 1873 increased 22 per cent., there being 14,000 depositors out of a population of 120,000, while the whole of Belgium, with a population of five millions counted only 100,000 depositors. It is remarkable among the children that the girls are more disposed than the boys to avail themselves of the opportunity offered by the school savings banks, just as among the adult depositors the women exceed the men in number. It is understood, of course, that the co-operation of the teachers is needed to make this plan successful, and in Belgium it has been cheerfully given, and with the happiest results. The importance of this movement in Belgium induced the Governments of England and France to send over commissioners to study its workings; and Mr. J. C. Fitch from the former country, and M. de Malace from France, have published interesting reports thereon; the result has been the establishment of penny banks in England, while an effort is now making to introduce the school-savings banks into the public school systems of Italy and of France.—*N. E. Education Journal*.

PREPARATION NECESSARY.

There is everywhere a call on the Church to go to work for Christ. But the workman must get his tools and sharpen them before he can do good service in Christ's vineyard. The drum-beat calls for volunteers. But a soldier without ammunition is only an encumbrance. Ten virgins went out to meet their Lord; only five returned with him. Where is your oil? That is the first question. The children of God must first be filled, before they can fill others. It takes a rod like that of Moses to get water out of a rock. A dead mother cannot give birth to a living child. A frozen earth cannot germinate a seed. The first thing, Christian, is not to go to work for Christ; it is to ask Christ to work in you. A general who is quaking with fear cannot inspire courage in his soldiery; and a Christian who is proud, self-confident, self-assured, cannot inspire humility, penitence, a sense of weakness and want in a neighbor. You can give no more of Christ to another than you possess yourself. Rub a bit of iron on a magnet, and it will borrow magnetism by contact. Rub it on a lifeless iron and it will be as dead at the end as at the beginning of the operation. Your own heart must be a magnet before you can magnetize others.

Moses did not go to work for God till he had spent forty years of education in the schools of Egypt, and forty years more in the sterner school of the wilderness. Paul lived in retirement for three years in Arabia, and in comparative retirement for at least another year in Tarsus, before he began his life-work as a missionary to the Gentiles. Even Christ did not spend all his life "going about doing good." Three years of work, thirty of preparation, was the proportion. For ten days after the Ascension the apostles met daily to pray for the Holy Ghost. They did not preach a single sermon; it is not recorded that they conversed with a single enquirer. But when the blessing came, three thousand were converted in a single day. There is many a church that experiences a Bull Run, and for the same reason: it moves on the enemy's work before it is ready. Are you full of hope, of faith, of penitence, of consecration, in a word are you full of Christ? The children must first be filled, and they can no more carry quocor to starving souls if they are empty, than a ship in ballast could give relief to famine-stricken Ireland. If our own hearts are dead when we go to work, men ask us for bread and we give them a stone. It is only as we come very near to the foot of the cross ourselves that we can bring others there.—*Christian Weekly*.

EARLY AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

In looking over the contents of the old news papers of this country, of which there was a considerable number as early as the year 1730, one is specially struck by the number of advertisements of slave sales and of runaway slaves, apprentices and servants. The following are common examples:

"To be sold, a very likely Negro woman about 30 years of Age, has been in this city about 10. She is a fine Cook, has been brought up to all sorts of House Work, and speaks very good English. She has had the small-pox, and has now a Young Child. Enquire further concerning her and the conditions of Sale of Mary Kippen, or the Printer hereof."—*New York Weekly Journal*, May 9, 1735.

"Just arrived from Great Britain, and are to be sold on board the Ship 'Alice and Elizabeth,' Capt. Paine Commander, several likely Welsh and English Servant Men, most of them Tradesmen. Whoever inclines to purchase any of them may agree with said Commander, or Mr. Thomas Noble, Merchant, at Mr. Hazard's, in New York; where also is to be sold several Negro Girls and a Negro

Boy, and likewise good Cheshire Cheese."—*New York Gazette*, Sept 11, 1732.

Here is a notice from the same paper, date 1735, which shows very clearly the position of the apprentice one hundred and forty years ago:

"Run away on the 5th. Instant from John Bell of the city of New York Carpenter, an Apprentice Boy named James Harding, aged about 19 years, being a tall well-set Lad of a Fresh Complexion, he wears a Wig, he is splay-footed and shuffles with his feet as he Walks, has a Copper coloured Kersey Coat, with large flat white Mistle Buttons, a grey Duroy Coat lined with Silk, it is pretty much faded by wearing, a broad blue striped Waistcoat and Breeches and a pair of blue striped Tickin Breeches, in warm weather he often bleeds at the nose." Then follows the offer of forty shillings to any one who will give information whereby his master, John Bell, can regain possession of the runaway.

That the women of that time were strong-minded, or at least that they were disposed to assist in the reformation of bad husbands, is shown by the following from the same journal, date December 31, 1733. The subject, or victim, was one William Drinkwater, living near New York, who had proved quarrelsome with his neighbors and abusive to his wife: "The good Women of the Place took the Matter into Consideration and laid hold of an Opportunity, to get him tied to a Cart, and there with Rods belabored him on his Back, till, in striving to get away, he pulled one of his Arms out of Joint, and they untied him. Mr. Drinkwater Complained to Sundrie Magistrates of this usage, but all he got by it was to be Laughed at; Whereupon he removed to New Milford where we hear he proves a good Neighbor and a loving Husband. A Remarkable Reformation arising from the Justice of the good Women."

Another advertisement indicates a toilet article now out of fashion:

"To be Sold by Peter Lynch, near Mr. Rutgers Brewhouse, very good Orange Butter, it is excellent for Gentlewomen to comb up their Hair with, it also cures Children's sore Heads."

The next sounds quite as odd:

"James Munden Partner with Thomas Butwell from London, Maketh Gentlewomen Stays and Childrens Coats in the Newest Fashion, that Crooked Women and Children will appear strait." Same paper, dated February, 1735.

It is a curious fact that the deaths at that time, both in New York and New England papers, were announced not by the names of the deceased, but by the churches to which they belonged. For example: "Buried in the city last week, viz. Church of England 28, Dutch 24, Lutheran 2, French 1, Presbyterian 3. The number of Blacks we refer till Next Week."—*New England Weekly Journal*, Nov. 1, 1731. Sometimes the number is recorded as four or five, or even less; therefore the record must be very imperfect, and there seems to have been no notice taken of those who were not buried from any church.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

DESPONDENCY.

BY A. D. WALKER.

Much has been written and said upon this subject, but what we call "low spirits" is very frequently the result of bodily weakness or disease. People, with few exceptions, love to be cheerful, and do not have to hear sermons and lectures upon the subject to appreciate cheerfulness.

But these frail bodies are easily put out of tune, and despondency is very apt to accompany the small ills which seem but light, and for which we find but little sympathy. When Elijah sat down under the juniper tree in great despondency, so great that he longed to die, the angel of the Lord did not say, "Hoity, toity! man, you give up too easily; despondency is a dreadful thing, never give way to it." No, the Lord is too wise a physician for that. He knew that the prophet was suffering from bodily weakness and weariness. The good man was allowed to rest, first of all; mark that. Sleep and rest are often all that is needed to cure low spirits. Then a miraculous meal was prepared, and the angel touched the sleeper and said, "Arise, and eat, for the journey is too great for thee." How sympathizing and tender were these words! Elijah did according to this bidding, and we have no more complaints of that kind for him. Now, just here is the secret in numbers of cases where despondency holds sway—"The journey is too great for thee." The toils and cares press so heavily that the mortal frame is out of order, and despondency is the result. Well, then, it follows that the way to be cheerful is to do all in our power to be well in body. Avoid over-fatigue, taking too much thought for the morrow, gambling and brooding, and anything that is hurtful to the physical nature. And now, in conclusion, we add, that the greatest cheerfulness is induced by a firm trust in the Lord. And when the journey is

necessarily too great for thee, the angel will come and give thee meat that shall strengthen for many days.—*Methodist*.

A COOLER.

Soon after the accession to power of the late Sultan of Turkey, he entered on a career of reform, opposed to the pride and the prejudice of the Turks. To arrest him in this dangerous course was the object of the Ulemas (Turkish Jesuits), who resolved, if possible, to work on the young despot's mind by exciting his superstitious fears. One day, as he was on his knees, according to custom, in his father's tomb, he heard a low voice reiterating from beneath, "I burn, I burn!" The next time he prayed there the same terrible words were uttered in the earth, and none other. The Sultan applied to the chief of the Imams for an interpretation of this strange phenomenon, and was told that his father had been a great reformer, and was now probably suffering the penalty of his imprudent course.

The young sovereign, scarcely crediting his own ears, then sent his brother-in-law to pray in the same spot, and afterwards several others of his household. They went, and each time the words "I burn!" sounded in their ears as though from the grave of the buried king.

At length the Sultan proclaimed his intention of going in a procession of state to his father's tomb. He went with a magnificent train, accompanied by the principal doctors of Mohammedan law, and again during his devotions the words were heard, "I burn!" All trembled except the Sultan. Rising from his prayer-carpet, he called his guards and commanded them to dig up the pavement and remove the tomb.

It was in vain that the muftis interposed, reproaching so great a profanation, and uttered dreadful warnings as to its consequences. The Sultan persisted. The foundations of the tomb were laid bare, and in a cavity skilfully left in the stone work was found, not a burning sultan, but a dervish. The young monarch regarded him for a time fixedly and in silence, and then said, without any further remarks, or the slightest expression of anger, "You burn? You must cool in the Bosphorus." In a few minutes more the dervish was in a bag, and the bag immediately after was in the Bosphorus; while the Sultan rode back to his palace, accompanied by his household and ministers, who ceased not all the way to ejaculate, "Mashallah! Allah is great! There is no god but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God!"—*Christian Weekly*.

AFRAID OF THE DARK.

Bell was a sweet child of three or four years. She was bright and pleasant by day, but having been once frightened by a nurse about "the dark" she would cry, if she woke in the night, to be taken into her mother's bed.

But her mother said, "No, Bell, you must lie still in your little crib; but you may hold my hand whenever you wake up."

So very often this dear mother would be awakened by the touch of a silken hand. She would clasp it in her own, and very soon the dear baby would be off again to the land of dreams.

Bell had never been separated from her mother a single night. But the lady took her on her knee one day and told her that dear grandma was very ill and going to die, and that she must go away for a few days to be with her. "Are you willing I should go and comfort her?" she asked.

Tears filled the blue eyes of little Bell, and she choked so that she could scarcely speak: "Yes, y—es, mamma; I want you to go and comfort grandma, but—but—who'll hold my little hand when I'm afraid of the dark? Papa don't wake up as you do!"

"My dear baby," said the kind mother, "it is Jesus and not I, who keeps you from harm by day and night. He is always beside that little bed, and if you wake and miss me, He will take your hand."

"Then you may go, mamma," said Bell, smiling through her tears.

That night when Bell's father went to his room, he turned up the gas a little, that he might see the dear baby face in the crib. There was a smile over the rosy lips, and the little hand was stretched out as if for the grasp of some protecting hand.

Perhaps in her dreams she was reaching out her hand to Jesus.

He who said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," has all the dear little ones in His keeping day and night; and they are safe with Him.—*Watchman*.

—The National Baptist remarks on personal effort: "And should we not expect answers to the prayers which we have offered? If we have asked that the Spirit may be poured out, and that sinners may be awakened, and disciples revived, shall we not expect a reply, and shall we not speak to our children and our neighbors, believing that the Spirit will prepare the way and will follow the word?"

SELECTIONS.

—Home should be led to minister more directly to the Sabbath-school teacher's work. Interweave the two so that each may help the other and the two will be invincible. At family worship read and comment on the "Home Readings" for each day. Usually they begin with the lesson of the week. As each new passage comes up on successive days, its relation to the lesson is discussed. This necessitates careful survey of both the lesson and the Scripture read, and were no further study bestowed, considerable familiarity with the next Sunday's work would thus be acquired. If to this we add conversations at study centring about the lesson, we will find home helping the school and the school helping the home.

Look it Up.—Mr. Eggleston, in his book "The Big Brother," says something so good that it ought to be passed around: "It will not hurt you, boys and girls, to learn a little accurate geography, by looking up these places before going on with the story, and if I were your schoolmaster, instead of your story-teller, I should stop here to advise you always to look on the map for every town, river, lake, mountain, or other geographical thing mentioned in any book or paper you read. I would advise you, too, if I were your schoolmaster, to add up all the figures given in books and newspapers, to see if the writers have made any mistakes; and it is a good plan, too, to go at once to the dictionary when you meet a word you do not quite comprehend, or to the encyclopedia or history, or whatever else is handy, whenever you read about anything and would like to know more about it."

—Why do some short sermons seem long, and some long sermons seem short? Because some sermons are compact and others diffuse. Some men preach as though they had not enough to say, and others as though they had not time enough in which to say it. When a minister begins, with a long introduction, branches off, all along the way, in rhetorical digressions, paints elaborate pictures as though he had all day to do it in, and tapers off in a repetitious hortatory peroration his twenty minutes seem like an hour; when he strikes at the heart of his subject in his first paragraph, keeps close to his theme, moves rapidly from step to step in his discourse, suggests rather than elaborates his illustrations, and makes every one really illustrate and enforce his theme, speaks with animation, as though time were short and his heart and his mind were overfull, and stops when he has got through, his hour seems like twenty minutes.—*Christian Weekly*.

LET HIM THAT HEARETH SAY, "COME;" OR, FRUIT FOUND AFTER MANY DAYS.—In a regular, well-built Chinese city, situated amidst lovely scenery, a crowd was gathered on a little bridge. One of our missionaries, residing in the city, had started on a preaching tour, and his servant, who had accompanied him to the boat, was returning through a neighborhood which he did not often traverse, when, noticing the crowd, he, with natural curiosity, went up to see what was going on. To his surprise, a strange voice was preaching the Gospel to the little knot of attentive listeners. Edging his way up to the speaker, and waiting till the address was over, and the crowd dispersing, he learned that the man had been a frequent hearer at the chapel. He had spoken to no one there of what was passing in his mind; had not asked for, perhaps had not known of, church fellowship; but the good seed had sprung up in his heart, and could not but bear fruit. It was afterwards found that in the Government office, where he was employed among some three hundred others, there was hardly one who had not heard the Gospel from his lips.—*China's Millions*.

DODGING THE SERMON.—It is well known that in olden times the church services were very much longer than they are at present, especially the sermon. In many old pulpits in England is still to be seen a stand for the hour-glass, by which the length of the sermon was measured, and it was not uncommon for this to be turned once, at least, so that the preaching continued two hours. We are ready to ask how the people of those days could sit still in their high-backed, uncomfortable pews, and in winter, freezing churches, to listen to such long harangues. The solution of the mystery is probably this,—they did not sit still. Some, doubtless, went to sleep, and were quite content to take their rest; but others went out of the church occasionally for a smoke and a chat. At Bibury, in England, the esquire of the parish regularly withdrew after the text, smoked his pipe, and returned to the blessing. In Iceland the same custom still prevails in the Lutheran churches, where the men rarely sit through the service, though altogether only two hours long, but drop out at intervals, and return, not in the odor of sanctity, but of tobacco. It is certainly better to have shorter services and more reverence.—*Exchange*.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1876 by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

CONNECTED HISTORY.—The ark being in a tabernacle or tent at Jerusalem, David proposes to build a house for the Lord. Nathan the prophet, at God's command, forbids him, but tells him his son shall build a house for the Lord.

LESSON X.

MARCH 5.]

GOD'S COVENANT WITH DAVID. About 1042 B. C.
READ 2 Sam. vii. 18-29. RECIPE V. 27.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Of this man's seed hath God, according to his promise, raised unto Israel a Saviour, Jesus.—Act xiii. 23.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—By grace we stand.

DAILY READINGS.—M.—2 Sam. vii. 1-29. T.—1 Chron. xvi. 1-27. W.—Ps. lxxxix. 1-52. Th.—Isa. xiv. 1-26. F.—2 Sam. xxii. 1-51. Sa.—Job xxvii. 6-17. Su.—Ps. xlviii. 1-14.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) DAVID'S THANKSGIVINGS. (II.) DAVID'S PRAYER.

I. DAVID'S THANKSGIVINGS. (18.) then, after Nathan's message; **sat before the Lord.** In the tent where the ark was (see picture); **brought me** from a shepherd-boy to be a king. (19.) **great while to come**, in promising future honors to his house; **manner of men** (a difficult clause). See 1 Chron. xvii. 17. (21.) **own heart**, thine own wish or will; **great things**, made David a great king. (24.) **confirmed**, made firm. See 1 Chron. xvii. 22.

I. Questions.—What did Nathan say to David about the house of the Lord? Why was David not to build it? Who would build it? Where did David go after hearing Nathan's message? For what did he feel thankful to God? What great things had God done for David? What great things had he done for Israel? What feelings should we have for God's great blessings to us?

II. DAVID'S PRAYER. (25.) **the word**, the promise; **thy servant**, David; **his house**, his family or children; **establish**, fix, make sure. (26.) **magnified**, made great. (27.) **revealed**, or (Heb.) "uncovered the ear;" **saying**, or "when he said" (?); **therefore**, having been once heard, he comes again. (28.) **words be true**. See Job xvii. 47. (29.) **continue**, as thou hast promised; **be blessed**, as it was in Christ's coming through "his house."

II. Questions.

—What was David's first request? v. 25. Who had promised this? State his second request? v. 26. What prayer of David had God heard? v. 27. What goodness had God promised David? v. 12, 13. State David's final request. v. 29. How was this prayer answered?

Illustration.—God's promises are not to reward the lazy. They are as a boat in crossing a stream—of real value when plied with the two oars of prayer and faith.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—David conquers the Philistines and Moabites, dedicates silver, gold, and treasures of the spoils to God; is kind to Saul's grandson; conquers the Ammonites; commits adultery; and causes the death of Uriah; is reproved for his sin; repents; his sons act wickedly; Absalom slays Amnon his brother and flees to Geshur; David, persuaded by Joab, permits Absalom to return to Jerusalem.

LESSON XI.

MARCH 12.]

ABSALOM'S REBELLION. [Abol. 1221 B. C.]

GOLDEN TEXT.—The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.—Prov. xxi. 17.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Sin becomes its own punishment.

READ 2 Sam. xv. 1-14. RECIPE V. 5, 6.

DAILY READINGS.—M.—2 Sam. xv. 1-14. T.—1 Kings. i. 31. W.—2 Sam. xii. 1-14. Th.—Ps. xli. 1-18. F.—Prov. xxi. 1-23. Sa.—Ps. xli. 1-18. S.—Ps. lv. 1-23.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Notice that Absalom's pride, love of display, and wicked ambition led him to lie to the people, and to flatter them, to lie to his father, and finally to open rebellion. Love of display is one of the greatest dangers to the young now, as it was in Absalom's day.

NOTES.—Absalom, third son of David, born at Hebron, counted the most handsome man of his time, as well as an idealist as he was good-looking; his father was Michab, daughter of the king of Geshur, a country east of the Jordan, and north-east of Bashan, of which Absalom's grandfather was king.

Syria, ancient Aram, a country extending from the Mediterranean Sea to the river Tigris, and from Palestine to Mount Taurus, Jewish (north and south) about

300 miles, breadth about 130 to 150 miles. *Aithophel*, a noted counsellor at David's court. 2 Sam. xv. 12; xvi. 23. *Githah*, "exile," a city in the mountains of Judah, probably near Hebron; its exact location is not known.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) ABSALOM'S AMBITION. (II.) ABSALOM'S REBELLION.

I. ABSALOM'S AMBITION. (1.) **after this**, after Absalom's sin, flight to Geshur, and return to Jerusalem and forgiveness by the king; **chariots**, war chariots, to make a great show; **fifty men to run**, as Adonijah had. Men running before kings or great persons is still common in the East; these runners announce the coming of the great man. (2.) **gate**, Eastern cities are surrounded by high walls, having strong gates which are closed at night and in time of danger. At one of these gates courts were held; **controversy**, a dispute, a suit at law; **for judgment**, the king to hear and decide the case in dispute; **Absalom called**, he assumed to do what the king only was authorized to do. (3.) **good**, your case is just, you are in the right; **deputed**, appointed. (4.) **made judge**, see his wicked ambition; **justice**, but see how unjust he was toward the king. (5.) **obedience**, to make a low bow of respect for him as the king's son; **kissed him**, in pretended love and friendship. (6.) **stole**, deceived the people, or "gained their love" by his artful ways.

I. Questions.—Why did Absalom flee to Geshur? 2 Sam. xiii. 32-37. Who brought him back? 2 Sam. xiv. 23. How long did he stay in Jerusalem before he saw his father? 2 Sam. xiv. 28. What is said of his beauty? 2 Sam. xiv. 25. What great show did he make? v. 1. In what public place did he stand? For what purpose? What position did he wish to gain? v. 4. How did he flatter the people? What object had he in this? Why was this conduct wicked?

II. ABSALOM'S REBELLION. (7.) **forty years**, an obvious though ancient error for four years (*Speakers Com.*)—that is, four years after his return from Geshur, or, as Josephus says, after the king's pardon. chap. xiv. 33. (8.) **a vow**, he probably had never made such a vow, but lied to his father. (10.) **spies**, persons sent out secretly to do any work or gain any information. (11.) **simplicity**, not suspecting any wrong; **knew not**, knew not of Absalom's purpose to rebel. (12.) **conspiracy**, an agreement of several persons to do some wicked thing. (13.) **after Absalom**, he was popular. (14.) **smite the city**, David wished to spare the city the horrors of a siege.

II. Questions.—What excuse did Absalom give for leaving Jerusalem? Who gave consent? Whither did Absalom go? What did he send out through the land? What were the people to do? When? Who left Jerusalem with Absalom? Why were they not guilty of treason? For whom did David send? Why did he send for him? With whom did Aithophel join? v. 31. What news came to David? v. 13. What did he now propose? Why? Why is it dangerous and wicked to cherish a vain and ambitious spirit?



ANCIENT CHARIOT.

HOUSEHOLD ALTARS.

In the olden time the father of the household was its prophet and priest. The father of the present fast age can hardly find time to make the acquaintance of his own children, to say nothing of decent and devout attention to the proprieties and sanctities of family religion.

It is a sad fact that, in many households, nominally Christian, there is no family altar and no household recognition of God. The Bible is an unopened book, and there is no open acknowledgment of allegiance to God, the Father in heaven. A godless, prayerless household is a terrible spectacle, especially when there is an outward profession of better things. The evils are magnified manifold where there are young children. What can compensate for the sweet and tender influences of well-conducted family worship on the minds and hearts of the little ones? Parents who omit it not only provoke the wrath of the Lord, but neglect the best and most natural means of religious education, and thus put in fearful jeopardy the souls of their children. It was not an idle superstition that bade the simple-minded, devout Norwegian girl to flee from the house where she had engaged service, because there were no "prayers in the house." A prayerless soul is a fearful anomaly. But a home where children are born, and nurtured and reared, where loved ones sicken and suffer and die, where, in the eyes of the children, the father should be the type of the "All Father in heaven," and the mother the ideal of all that is tender and affectionate and devout, where all precious memories should be garnered like hidden treasures, and where all holy and pure influences and associations should pervade the very air—with no open Bible and no voice of song, prayer, or praise—what shall we say of that home? One can

hardly conceive it possible that such a home could exist in a Christian land. No wonder that the curse of the Lord hangs in dark relief over the families that call not on his name.

We alluded to family worship as a religious educator. One can hardly over-estimate the power of this service over young hearts, if wisely and earnestly conducted.

A daughter of irreligious parents spent, not long since, a few months in a Christian home. Selected passages of Scripture, usually the readings connected with the current Sabbath school lesson, were read, each member taking a verse in course. Not seldom there was some familiar talk and comment on the passage and the Sabbath lesson. Then a song, and then all bowed in brief and simple thanksgiving and prayer for daily grace and protection. This gay young girl soon found the God thus honored and worshipped in this house to be her God and Saviour. Not long after, another daughter, gay, cultured, and highly educated, spent a few weeks in this humble home. She, too, was sweetly won to the religion so magnified in the house in which she was a guest. Going to her own home, she preached Christ to her mother, and now all three are rejoicing in the Lord. These girls attributed their conversion to the indirect yet powerful appeal that day by day came to their hearts and consciences from these simple ordinary services of family religion.

We fear that pastors and church officers are not watchful and faithful in the oversight of the church touching this matter, especially in the case of young couples just setting up their homes. Habits of neglect once formed are not easily overcome. Starting right at the outset is often a guarantee of life-long fidelity. Let the voice of the preacher and the Christian teacher be lifted up with no uncertain sound on this subject. We need nothing so much as consecrated homes.—*Presbyterian at Work.*

KINGSLEY AND THE BOYS.—His sympathy with the sports of boys was naturally strong and keen. One morning I was asking him about the position of his house in Hampshire, and he told me that some of his land was within reach of the boys of Wellington College, when they were abroad engaged in paper-chases. "Young rascals," he said, "they play the mischief with my fences too. One day a great gap was pointed out to me in one of my fences, and I was told that it was made by those young fellows. So I got wind of their next paper-chase in my direction, and I went out to read my friends a lesson respecting the property of their neighbors. Sure enough, before long I saw the 'hares' coming straight towards me and my gap, and I prepared to meet them. But when they were close upon me, the excitement of the chase, which had been for some moments coming over me, got the better of my resolution; and if I did not throw down my stick and tear off with them as fast as my legs would carry me! In a hundred yards or so I was dead beat, and when the pack came a minute or two later, and set to work to break down my fences worse than ever, I had not the breath in me to remonstrate with them, even if I had had the inclination."—*Good Words.*

OBEDIENCE IN SCHOOL.—Obedience to properly constituted authority is one of the most valuable lessons of their lives, and here is just the place for them to learn it. Never allow a scholar to argue, or answer you back. You place yourself on his level, and lose all the advantage of your position. Never promise or threaten anything which you are not certain you can and will carry out. Nothing so quickly wins children's confidence, and establishes your authority, as to find that you invariably keep your word.

I have known more than one country town where whole people were elevated and improved to a high standard by the interest one clergyman took in the public schools. I believe that if a small body of intelligent, educated, earnest women would devote their energies to the improvement of the schools in every town, they would do more for the moral, intellectual, and industrial improvement of the country than any other agency I can imagine. —*Mrs. Cheney, in Journal of Education.*

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